

THE  
Temple of Fame.

A  
POEM.

---

Inscrib'd to Mr. CONGREVE.

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*Per Graium populos Mediæq; per Elidis urbem,  
Hæc ovans Divumq; sibi poscebat Honores.*

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L O N D O N.

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the *Water-side*. 1709.

Temple of Rome

P O E M



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THE  
TEMPLE of FAME,  
INSCRIB'D TO  
Mr. CONGREVE.

TILL now of late, we thought the loud Report  
Of *Namur*, *Cressy*, *Poictiers*, *Agincourt*,  
Too big for Truth, or Truth at best disguis'd,  
In Lofty Strains, which *Poets* first devis'd  
To flatter Kings, with painted Conquests won,  
As *Persians* still adore the rising Sun:  
We thought the Nation, curst with civil Foes,  
Had Scorn'd the use of Worth, as well as Bowes:  
But see——a Brighter Scene attracts our Eyes  
To greater deeds, where greater wonders rise;  
Virtue Advanc'd, and Impotence despis'd,  
*Ormond* caress'd, and *M——gue* chastis'd,  
Old *Saxon* Virtue stablish't into Law,  
By fair Examples as the World e'er saw.

And now, O *Congreve*, wilt thou slight thy Pen;  
To sing the Arms of the Victorious Men?

Not thy own *William's* was a Nobler Name,  
Or more renown'd in *Poetry* and Fame:  
*Eugene's Cremona* may with *Namur* joyn,  
And *Vigo* be an equal to the *Boyn*:  
Th' Illustrious *Ann* her *Poets* will regard,  
And *Ormond* well as *Montague* reward.  
Fame, which a wand'rer was in *Homer's* days,  
Treated like him with Poverty and Praise;  
Living as yet, at large, from place to place,  
With Demi-Heroes, and a mingled Race,  
Resolv'd of late, to fix a standing Shrine,  
And like the other Gods in Temples Shine;  
Since like the other Gods she sprung from race Divine.  
Where she might answer Vows, and Virtue Crown,  
Display her Conquests, and reward Renown;  
Where darling Chiefs a lasting Praise might have,  
Who Merit Triumph o'er th' impartial Grave;  
Where worth in Native Glory may be shown,  
And future Heroes learn to raise their own.

For this intent, she took her speedy Flight,  
Thro' all the various Climes of circling Light,  
To find a Place, where she might well be Seen,  
To rule a People worthy such a *Queen*.  
O'er Sunny Hills, and Flowr'y Vales she pass'd,  
Around the World her hundred Eyes she cast,  
Till *Albion's* Glitt'ring cliffs obtain'd her view at last.  
The Goddess paus'd—Transported with Surprise,  
And look'd again, and fed her Ravish't Eyes:  
Her Face all o'er a Blooming joy display'd,  
Mild as the Blushes of a yielding Maid;

One Glance from this fair Scene her grief beguild;  
 A Scene, which like an Infant Nature smil'd:  
 No Sun it needed, where a Goddess Shone,  
 Reflecting Brighter Lustre of her own.  
 She saw how *Albion's* Tow'rs assault the Skies,  
 At once to threaten and invite the Eyes;  
*Albion!* which has the greatest Tyrants aw'd,  
 Gen'rous at home, and Terrible abroad;  
*Albion!* Like youthful Nature's *Eden* plac'd,  
 With every good, and every Pleasure Grac'd;  
 Averse to Ease, invincible by toil,  
 Thus Heav'n alone excels the Holy Isle.

She saw with joy the Warlike Troops disdain,  
 The painted threatnings of the Boy of Spain;  
 And how they shook their Native Fasces of the Main;  
 While *Lewis*, like a *Canoe-Jove* may stand,  
 With harmless Thunder in his lifted hand:  
 With us no gawdy pomp, or *Persian Train*;  
 Make tedious Fights and Victories in vain;  
 Our Navy scorns those vile, infectious Fears,  
 But War, all-horrid, like itself appears.

She saw how swift they flew to meet their Foes,  
 How Bloody Crosses on their Streamers rose;  
 The Warlike Chiefs in distant order move,  
 A Train of Gods behind a leading Jove:  
 Like Swans in long array their Vessels ride,  
 While parting Seas before their Breasts divide:  
 The friendly Winds inspire Etesian Gales,  
 And fanning Zephyrs swell the Peaceful Sails:

To stop their Course no angry Billows roar,  
 But all lye Lull'd and Panting on the Shore.  
 Her Generous mind the fair Ideas drew,  
 Of future greatness, present to her View;  
 And all the shining Paths her Heroes should pursue.

She heard the Thund'ring Cannon rend the Air,  
 To give a dreadful prelude to the War.  
 She heard the Adm'ral first denounce their Doom  
 In rattling fleet, when they had cut the Boom:  
 A Cloud of Fire obscures the Hostile Shore,  
 And waken'd tydes in dreary Murmurs Roar:  
 The valliant shot Rous'd every *English* Heart,  
 Still ready to defend an injur'd Part.  
 And Meditate the Foe, they were to meet,  
 The Martial Leader of the *Spanish Fleet*;  
 But all in vain, for all had shun'd the Fight,  
 As Flocks of *Larks* retreat before a *Kite*;  
 Never did Men more joyfully obey,  
 Or sooner learnt the sign to run away:  
 Let foreign Monuments the story tell,  
 How many by our *English* Valour fell,  
 But from our own, 'tis vanity to know,  
 Whose Arms are tainted by so base a Foe.  
 Whole Squadrons by experienc'd Captains led,  
 Basely before a single handful Fled:  
 Almighty Gold was Impotent to stay  
 The best of Armies, bent to run away;  
 Almighty Gold was feeble to prevail,  
 When every Soldiers Heart began to fail:

So huge *Leviathans* attend their prey,  
 Which thro' their spacious jaws mistakes the way.  
 But when a War is in defence of Right,  
 The justice of the cause inspires to Fight;  
 The Villain flies, o'ercome by Land and Seas;  
 And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Homewards again the Conqu'ring Navy rides;  
 And Boundless Wealth, without our care, provides;  
 Waylays their trade, their Floating Ore besets,  
 Thus willing Prizes crow'd into our Nets.  
 All this she saw Beneath her glad Survey,  
 Where Wealth on heaps from *Indian Quarries* lay,  
 Rescu'd from the rapacious Birds of prey.  
 Nor needed to resolve upon her care,  
 But rising up Incumbent on the Air,  
 She strait declar'd her Temple should be there.

She spake——and strait a spacious Dome appear'd,  
 A Golden Roof and Brazen Pillars rear'd;  
 For Brass can best the hollow sounds diffuse,  
 And Multiply the Ecchoes of the News:  
 The Walls are hid with manyahopeful Lye,  
 Which gain'd it's credit by Credulity;  
 Gilded with Truth; the Floor is pav'd with Eyes;  
 Nerves, Sinews, broken Bones, and Arteries;  
 The Court with one Eternal uproar Bawls,  
 With Scandals rushing thro' the Cranny'd walls:  
 A hideous din, as when the Billows Roar,  
 And Proudly quarrel with th' insulting Shore;

A broken Tumult, deaf, confus'd and Loud;  
Like Thunder rumbling in a distant Cloud.  
Some Portraitures there were, as wild Despair,  
Beating her Breasts, and tearing all her hair:  
Beneath her joyous Hope supinely lay,  
Pampr'ing up Sloth, and batt'ning Life away:  
True Virtue next, (whom no report could move)  
With Fancy, Rumor, Calumny and Love,  
Fool hardiness, Deceit, and False surmize,  
Gaping with open-mouths to Ecchoe Lyes;  
Damn'd Infidelity, and Secret hate,  
With motly Doubt, and Impotent debate.  
Oppos'd to these were Fields of Battle Spread,  
All Tinctur'd with the Fat of Slaughter Red,  
Triumphant Conquest lightens all the place,  
And sparkling Gladness shines in every Face;  
Stretcht on the ground a suppliant Captive lies,  
Suing the Victor with beseeching Eyes;  
The Victor's Sword stands hovering o'er his head,  
And now but Pauses, e'er it strikes him dead.  
One like a Parthian flies th' unequal Chace,  
And flying wounds, and dies upon the Place:  
No verdant Landscape cheers the Famish'd fight,  
But Groves of Spears, a Famine, or a Fight;  
Cities dispeopled, and the Pastures bare,  
With Plunder, Rapine, and the waste of War:  
Ships burnt in Fight, or split upon the Shore,  
Sucking in Waves, disburthen'd of their Ore:  
A Liquid Field, o'er which a Tow'r is Plac'd,  
By many slighted and by few Possess'd;

Or

Or smoaking Cannons whizzing o'er the Plain,  
 To scorch the Ground with show'rs of Fiery Rain.  
 These and a Thousand more were there to see,  
 Before the things themselves began to be:  
 All Copy'd from th' Eternal book of Fate,  
 T' adorn the Sacred Fane, as Beautiful as Great.

The Goddess self on a fair Mountain stood,  
 Beyond the verdure of a Beauteous Wood;  
 Of Cedars, Cypress, Mirtles, Beeches, Oaks,  
 With Country Elm and Ash, for Ploughs and Yokes,  
 The Sacred Laurel, and the weeping Myrrh,  
 The Lover's Willow, and the fragrant Firn,  
 The Thrifty Woodreve, and the fruitful Pine,  
 The Lofty Poplar, and the curling Vine,  
 The Trembling Asp, whose waving Branches bow,  
 O'er Prickly Shrubs which humbly creep below:  
 The cursed Elder, and the fatal Yew,  
 Affrighted hence at awful distance Grew,  
 Whose Blighted tops with sickly Mildews stood,  
 And Proudly over-look'd the Neighb'ring Wood:  
 No boding Ravens Harbour here their Nests,  
 Or Serpents, Toads, or any croaking Beasts;  
 But the whole Prospect wears Eternal Green,  
 Shades on each side and a Square Mead between.  
 High o'er the Wood the Goddess rears her size,  
 And hides her Tow'ring forehead in the Skies:  
 Two Golden wings are on her Shoulders Plac'd,  
 To raise her Vigour and enlarge her hast:  
 Her better hand a Silver Trumpet bore,  
 To waft Report to every distant Shore;

A scarfe of Mouths across her Arms are hung;  
 And every Mouth is babling with a Tongue;  
 A Plate of yawning Ears conceals her Breast,  
 And a thin Vail but scarcely hides the rest.  
 No Peaceful Slumbers seal her wakeful Eyes,  
 But here and there with every blast she Flies.  
 Her other hand is seen a Book to hold,  
 With Acts of Godlike *Chivalry* enroll'd;  
 Eternal Youth sits Blooming in her Face,  
 Tho' she's first-Born of all the Heav'nly Race;  
 For bright Example had been sure to ly,  
 Lost in the ruins of Antiquity;  
 Had she not as the great Forerunner came,  
 And both preserv'd, and Eterniz'd its Name.  
 It so befel, as strange things will befel,  
 A Warlike (\*) *Knight* arriv'd at this fair Hall,  
 To whom a hundred Gallant *Squires* resort,  
 To fill his State, and make a moving Court;  
 Soon as they ever touch the Sacred ground,  
 A Trumper, loud as Fame, was heard around  
 The Heroe Ravish'd with a strange delight,  
 At such a noble sound, and pleasing sight;  
 Kneel'd to the Shrine to make his just address  
 Of thankful Praises for his late success:  
 Soon as he Kneel'd, the Lyes began to fall  
 Off from the sacred Cieling of the Wall;  
 With winged hast t' a neighb'ring Lake they flew,  
 Where whistling Reeds, and bending *Ofiers* grew:

---

 (\*) Sir G. Rouse.

The

The Crowd, with Laurel wreaths their Heroe Crown,  
 Sovereign of War, Immortal in renown:  
 The op'ning Winds from every quarter blow,  
 That every quarter of the World may know,  
 Th' extent of Virtue when upheld by Pow'r,  
 Which Envy cannot blast, or Time devour:  
 Whose glad Rememb'rance shall remain as long,  
 As Nature has an Ear, or Fame a Tongue.

The Goddeſs too bent down her beamy head,  
 And wide before his Eyes her Book display'd;  
 Where all the worthys of the Britiſh line  
 Rank'd by themſelves with brighter Luſtre ſhine,  
 All of a make throughout, all-Glorious and Divine.  
 A Giant Race rul'd *Albion's* younger Years,  
 Whoſe Names are now forgotten with their Wars:  
*Dardanian Brute* came next, whoſe ample Shield,  
 Bore a red Lion on a Golden Field;  
 Whoſe Conqu'ring Arms (as all things will decay)  
 Reſign'd their Glories to the Roman ſway;  
 Since nothing is of Pow'r enough to move,  
 Againſt a *Cæſar* and a (\*) Queen of Love:  
*Albion* from him ſoon felt a new Divorce,  
 Forc't by ſtern *Hengiſt* to the (†) *Saxon* Horſe;  
 But won again by more Victorious deeds,  
 She yielded to his Race which now ſucceeds.  
 Here *Arthur* Shines, the *Briton's* Ancient Song,  
 Dragging a Pond'rous Iron Lance along;

(\*) For Julius Cæſar more probably bore a Venus in his Enſign, than an Eagle, as ſome very judicious have aſſur'd me, when he Conquer'd England.

(†) A Stable-Horſe being the Coat of Hengiſt.

Two days at *Badon* he the Fight withstood;  
 Weary'd with Slaying, and Immerst in Blood;  
 Stought *Gillamore* to *Ireland* pursu'd,  
 First block'd him up and afterwards subdu'd:  
 Hence to th' *Armorick* Coasts his Arms advance,  
 As *England* ever was a fate to *France*;  
 At *Paris* he Gigantick *Rython* Fought,  
 And home his Armour as a Trophy brought.

There's *Scottish Malcolm* with his *English* Bride;  
 And here her Warlike Grandfire *Iron-side*;  
 There Portraiture'd in Golden lines is set,  
 The Beauteous Race of brave *Plantagenet*;  
 Here Valliant *Tudor* from the North arrives,  
 In whom *Lluellin's* Lineage doubly thrives;  
 There nobler *Stuart* the succession gains,  
 And *Scottish James* with *Danish Anna* reigns;  
 In whose blest line th' Intestine jars Unite,  
 Of the two Kingdoms in one common Right:  
 Next came th' unhappy of the latter Age,  
 And then the Goddess turn'd another Page;  
 Justly concern'd to see those Gloomy days,  
 And would not mention, whom she could not Praise.  
 But as the Heroe spy'd young *Glos'ter's* Name,  
 The fairest which e'er grac'd the roll of Fame;  
 His gen'rous Breast was wreck'd with strange Surprize,  
 And Streams of Tears fell trickling from his Eyes.

"O *Tunbridge*! happy was thy Flow'ry Plain,  
 "Where young *Iulus* Martial'd out his Train.

Methinks

" Methinks I see (*he sigh'd*) his Camp arise,  
 " With the mock Streamers waving in the Skies;  
 " While the young *Ammon* Mounts his foaming Horse,  
 " With conduct, far Superior to his Force;  
 " The Horse as conscious of his Royal Guide,  
 " Stands Patient by his *Alexander's* side,  
 " Forgets to paw the Ground, and Checks his haughty Pride.  
 " And now, I see him push to foil the Foe,  
 " And deal his strokes in Military show;  
 " Again the little Heroe seems to yield,  
 " To rally up again, and to retake the Field;  
 " Fantastick Ramparts here his Troops had rear'd,  
 " And there with harmless hast a Passage barr'd:  
 " The mock Machines were mov'd so justly well,  
 " The *French* were routed, and their *Lewis* fell;  
 " How Fierce he rais'd his Arm, and Scowr'd the Plain,  
 " T' appease the Ghosts of the dissembled Slain?  
 " How pleas'd he was, when once he chanc'd to bear,  
 " A Pastbord Trophy of the mimic War.  
 " These things alas! but too too plainly shew,  
 " What the Establish'd Man design'd to do;  
 " Fighting his sport, a Bloody Sword his toy,  
 " He acted Man ev'n while he Play'd a Boy,  
 More he had said, but sighs his Bosom tore,  
 And choak'd his voice, that he could speak no more.  
 Beneath all these a Race of Heroes shone,  
 Who never climb'd but yet deserv'd a Throne;  
*Essex* the first, and *Rawleigh* next were seen,  
 Two hapless Fav'rites of a vengeful Queen;  
 Whose cruel Fates by sad experience prove,  
 No Mean betwixt a woman's hate and Love.

*Russell*

*Russell* and *Jersey* next in Gold appear,  
Once our supports, and Thunderbolts of War.

*Eugene* was next, that Meritorious Name,  
Ador'd as *Titus*, and as dear to Fame;  
Ask *Villeroy*, for he the best can tell,  
What mighty Numbers at *Cremona* fell,  
When he himself, was by himself betray'd,  
And fell into a Snare his hapless craft had made:  
With him's *Commerci*, suddain in his end,  
Wearing the double Name, of Warriour and <sup>of</sup> Friend;  
Both in the same bright track of Glory mov'd,  
And like *Achilles* and *Patroclus* Lov'd.

*Ormond* came After, Loyal all along,  
(Whose Name shall ever grace Heroick Song;)  
For if an *Ormond* once should fear to Fight,  
What Poet would be bold enough to Write?  
*Ormond*, who never Condescends to yield,  
But for the Triumph of another Field;  
His mighty action o'er the *Spanish-Fleet*,  
Shall live as long as Men or verse have feet;  
*Shannon* was next, who Ventur'd to unfold,  
The dazzling Beauties of bewitching Gold;  
Him she attempted first with all her Charms,  
But still he shook her from his generous Arms;  
His Conqu'ring hand as Bountiful as brave,  
The Glitt'ring Plunder to his Soldiers gave;  
As fit that what their dauntless Courage won,  
Should only be their Countrie's, or their own.

*Hopson*

*Hopson* and *Hamilton* themselves excel,  
None ever Fought so much, and fought so well:  
But never *Annals* can presume to shew,  
Another *Ormond* or a *Marlborough*.  
Forgive my boldness, if your worth to raise,  
I make you but Competitors for Bays,  
Competitors are foils to one anothers Praise;  
Thus two stout Lions on the wilds of *Thrace*,  
Eager for Food, the Herds and Herdsmen Chace;  
The Royal Beasts bellow their loud disdain,  
Unknowing how to fear, and Spurn the Plain;  
If any Herdsman dares to meet their Course,  
They lash their tails to rouse their tardy Force:  
They poize their paws, and Swiftly whirl around,  
And tear th' Audacious Rustick to the ground:  
So when the Guard is once remov'd away,  
The trembling Herd becomes an easy Prey.

Others there were of Valour, and Command,  
Reserv'd by Fame for some more Skilful hand;  
Whose Actions shall the coming Age adorn,  
And all Fought well, for all were *English* Born.

All these to *Rook* were as Examples Shown,  
To be Admir'd, Prais'd, Copy'd, and outdone;  
When his own Name th' Illustrious Heroe rea'd,  
A Virgin Blush his honest Face o'erspread;  
No more he could the mighty Search Pursue,  
But clos'd the Sacred Page, and Modestly withdrew.

F I N I S.

in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side; where several  
more may be had that are not here Inserted.

**A** Congratulatory Poem on  
Prince George of Denmark,  
&c. on the Success at Sea.  
*Marlbrough* Still Conquers.  
The Flight of the Pretender.  
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.  
The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.  
Wine, a Poem, &c.  
Cyder, with the Splendid Shilling.  
The Pleasures of a Single Life, &c.  
Fashion Display'd.  
Moderation Display'd.  
The Duel of the Stags, &c.  
Coopers-Hill, by Sir J. Denham.  
An Essay on Poetry, by the Earl of  
*Murlgrave*.  
*Abalom* and *Achitophel*.  
The Plague of *Athens*.  
A Satyr against Man and Woman.  
The Forgiving Husband.  
Instructions to *Vanderbank*.  
The Temple of Death.  
An Essay on Translated Verse, by  
the Earl of *Roscomon*.  
*Horace*: Or the Art of Poetry.  
The History of Insipids.  
The Swan-Trip-Club. 4 OC 58  
*Lucretius* on Death, &c.  
The Medal against Sedition.  
*Bellixarius* a great Commander.  
*Daphnis*, or a Pastoral Elegy, &c.  
A Poem on the Countess of *Abing-*  
*don*.  
*Nundinae* Sturbrigiencies.  
*Tunbrigialia*.  
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.  
*Hoglandia* Descripio.  
*Milton's* Sublimity on Cyder.  
*Bosworth-field*, by Sir John Beau-  
mour, Bar.  
Canary Birds Naturaliz'd.  
Art of Poetry, by *Boileau*.

Poems on the Death of the late  
Queen *Mary*.  
*Baucis* and *Philemon*, &c.  
*Circus*, a Satyr: Or the Ring in  
*Hide Park*.  
*St. James's Park*, a Satyr.  
The Spleen, a Pindarique Ode, &c.  
*Phillips's* Pastorals.  
A Letter from *Italy*, to my Lord  
*Halifax*, with other Poems.  
*Blenheim*, a Poem, by *Phillips*.  
*Mac-Flecknoe*, by J. *Dryden*; &c.  
The Female Reign, an Ode,  
A Poem on the Taking *St. Mary's*.  
*Windsor Castle*, a Poem.  
The Scrvitor, a Poem.  
The Campaign, by Mr. *Addison*.  
The Counter-Scuffle, a Poem.  
*Don Francisco Sutorioso*.  
Consolation to *Mira* mourning,  
A Panegyrick on *Oliver Cromwell*  
with three Poems on his Death.  
A Poem in Defence of the Church  
of *England*.  
The Apparicion, a Poem.  
The Hind and Panther Transv  
to the Story of the Count  
Moufe and City Moufe.  
*Dr. Gash's* Dispensary.  
Memoirs on *John Hall*, the Famous  
Robber, &c.  
Mr *Shaftoe's* Narrative giving an  
Account of the Birth of the Pre-  
tended Prince of *Wales*, &c.  
The True-Born *Englishman*.  
The Husband, a Poem.  
The Commoner, a Poem.  
A Hymn to the Pillory.  
The Rambling Fudle-Caps.  
*D'Foe*, on the Storm.  
The *Yorkshire-Racers*.  
The Long Vacation.

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